



Crude Angel: Poems

Suzanne Cleary

BkMk Press (Nov 15, 2018)

Softcover \$13.95 (88pp)

978-1-943491-17-9

Angels, however crude, fear a few places, according to E. M. Foster, but the same cannot be said of poets. Boundlessly curious, no subject is off limits for bards like Suzanne Cleary to tread. New Yorker Cleary earned her Pushcart Prize and Cecil Hemley Memorial Award for letting 'er rip, with humility and humor. The author of four collections, she teaches creative writing to MFA students at Converse College.

Woodpecker

*Known for your blunt beak beating against bark,
your voice described impatient, loud, and slurred,
you are not Peterson's favorite bird.*

Your grating sound is nothing like the lark.

It's more like the tire-chain's shudder, torque,

As the snowplow fights downshift into third.

Tree-clung, chisel-billed, wood-boring bombard,

you are not Spring except the grinding work

*of spring: clearing fallen branches, raking
dead leaves, piling stone onto stones. Thick beak
hacking bark is your truest song, clacking
knock-knock-knock, loud, unapologetic.*

Unlike the birds that trill and soar, you moor.

You drill, pursuing spring's interior.

MATT SUTHERLAND (November/December 2018)

Disclosure: This article is not an endorsement, but a review. The publisher of this book provided free copies of the book to have their book reviewed by a professional reviewer. No fee was paid by the publisher for this review. Foreword Reviews only recommends books that we love. Foreword Magazine, Inc. is disclosing this in accordance with the Federal Trade Commission's 16 CFR, Part 255.